

“A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A MARINE CORPS RECRUITER”

Have you ever wondered what the day of a Recruiter looks like? The following article provides you with an example of what a typical day in the life of a recruiter might look like.

4:00 a.m. Hunter awoke to the sound of a local morning radio program as the disc jockey was telling his listeners about the rainy day outside. His wife Ann was already up and he could smell the aroma of frying bacon. Hunter shut off the clock radio (opportunity clock) and listened to the rain beating on the roof. Today would be tight, and he wanted to make the most of every minute.

4:10 a.m. “I hope the eggs aren’t too hard,” Ann said. She set the plate of bacon and eggs on the table and poured a cup of coffee. She yawned. “Do you feel like going back to bed?” Hunter asked. “You were up all night with the baby.” Their two year-old-son had been awake all night, sick with the flu. “I may do just that,” Ann responded. “I don’t think he has a fever,” she said, as if anticipating Hunter’s next question. “I felt his forehead this morning and he is cool and sleeping peacefully.”

As Hunter was preparing to leave home, he checked his schedule for the day:

5:00 a.m. -Pick up Amory Sickles and take him to the Military Entrance Processing Station (MEPS) for processing.

9:00 a.m. -Appointment with Ed Corrigan (football coach at Phillip Nolan High School).

11:00 a.m. -Appointment with Ed Davis (prospect).

1:00 p.m. -Appointment with Brad Redfern (prospect).

4:30 a.m. Hunter arrived at the recruiting substation to pick up his government vehicle. He had to pick up an applicant 30 miles away at his home, and then drive him to MEPS. If he wanted to be at MEPS by 0630, he’d have to push it. The applicant, Amory Sickles, appeared too thin to pass the physical, so Hunter planned to stop off at a roadside diner, buy him a massive breakfast and then hustle him off to MEPS before Sickles could use the men’s head.

5:00 a.m. When Hunter reached Sickles’ house, Sickles’ father told Hunter that Amory wasn’t quite ready. Hunter waited in the car for almost a half hour. He hated waiting and passed the time by listening to a motivational tape on the car radio.

At the diner, Sickles wanted coffee with his breakfast. “No way you’re having coffee before a physical,” Hunter told him. Amory settled for water.

NOTE: Coffee not only acts as a diuretic causing loss of water retention, but will also speed up a person’s heart rate/metabolism indicating a false high blood pressure reading.

6:30 a.m. Now at the MEPS, Hunter checked the applicant’s package to make sure all the documents were there (“Package”, in the aforementioned text is the DD-1966 Application for Enlistment, that must be filled out on every applicant that enlists into the Armed forces. Included with the DD-1966 is all the necessary documentation for processing, to include birth verification, high school diploma or transcripts, social security card, and all necessary forms / documentation needed to execute the Armed Services Vocational Appitute Battery (ASVAB) Test and physical). He paced the floor until he got the word: Sickles had passed the weigh-in. Hunter waited for him to come out and wished him luck. “Oh, Sickles,” he said, noting the frown on the kids face. “It’s all right. You can go to the head now.” Sickles thanked him. He gave Hunter a quick handshake and dashed off for the men’s head.

8:00 a.m. Back at the RSS, Hunter checked his answering machine for messages. Only two calls; Ann had called to say that their son was feeling better, and the kid he had scheduled for an appointment at 1100 was sick and couldn’t make it in today, but would come in at 1100 tomorrow.

8:30 a.m. The Staff Non-Commissioned Officer In-Charge (SNCOIC) started the morning meeting right on time. Hunter turned in his numbers cards from the previous day, and checked his scheduling and results book. Then he and another recruiter in the substation, Sergeant Michael Early, checked high school profiles and discussed literature they would distribute in the high schools. “He’s better at talking to the kids than I am,” Hunter thought. “He’s closer to their age.” After 15 minutes of morning prospecting on the telephone, Hunter changed into his Dress Blue uniform and left the office.

9:30 a.m. Hunter pulled into the parking lot of Phillip Nolan High School right on time for his appointment with Ed Corrigan, Nolan’s head football coach. A former Marine, Corrigan had called Hunter a week ago to tell him about two members of his team, Jefferson and Skowronski, high school seniors, who might be interested in the Corps. “They both have a gym class around nine o’ clock,” Corrigan had said. “I’ll try to pull them

out of it, get them in my office, and let you talk to them.”

Lisa Martell, Coach Corrigan’s secretary, told Hunter that Coach Corrigan was having trouble getting Jefferson and Skowronski out of class and asked if he would mind waiting? Hunter said he would wait, and took a motivational magazine out of his attaché case and opened the issue to the sales section.

10:00 a.m. Coach Corrigan, red faced and mopping his brow, came into the office. “Those kids are going to run me right off the track,” he said. Hunter asked about the two prospects. “Those guys have changed their minds. One of them thinks he wants to be in the Air Force and the other one thinks he’ll get a football scholarship.” Later, Hunter asked the coach for other referrals, names of applicants from gym classes he taught. “Ah, Hunter, you know I’d like to help you,” Corrigan said. “Next to sending one of my kids to Notre Dame I’d love to see as many as possible in the Corps. I might be able to give you the names of a couple, let me work on it.” Hunter thanked him and left.

11:00 a.m. Hunter stopped at McDonald’s on the way back to the RSS. He hadn’t eaten since breakfast and decided that now was the best time for a cheeseburger and fries. In another hour, the place would be mobbed with high school kids and it would take forever to get waited on. Besides, after the letdown at the high school he’d rather eat in silence and map out the rest of his day.

11:30 a.m. When Hunter returned to the RSS, he sat down at his computer and typed a letter to a kid in boot camp. When he finished, he began planning phone calls and preparing to send phonograms (post card that is sent to a prospect requesting a call back). It was Wednesday and Hunter realized he needed 166 more phone calls to make his weekly objective of 338. So far, Hunter had obtained two appointments. One appointment was scheduled for two weeks from today. Today he decided to telephone the parents of kids he’d sent to boot camp to check on the recruit’s progress. On his third call, Larry White, a former recruit, answered. Larry, now a PFC, said he was home from boot camp and would be going back in three days. Hunter asked him to come into the station to discuss referrals.

12:30 p.m. Hunters’ fellow recruiter, Sergeant Early, returned to the office. He had also been on a high school visit. He started telling Hunter about a new car that he had bought and how this car was the car of the future. After about a half hour of discussion, they both decided to get back to work. Hunter was thinking to himself about how he always seemed to be getting behind in his paperwork; there just weren’t enough hours in the day to get everything done.

1:30 p.m. Brad Redfern finally showed up half an hour late. A recent high school grad, working with a local construction firm, Brad had been scheduled for an appointment at 1300. While Hunter was waiting for Brad he called Ann at home, but there was no answer. Then he remembered her telling him over breakfast this morning that she would be out running errands for part of the day. She had to take the kids to the doctors, pick up the dry cleaning, go to a parent/teacher conference and take the family car to the mechanic for a maintenance appointment. “She’s the best” Hunter thought to himself, and then made another pot of coffee.

After two hours of taking the Wide Range Achievement Test (WRAT), Enlistment Screening Test (EST), and other screenings, it seemed that Brad was qualified for enlistment. “This is my lucky day,” Hunter thought. Brad was bright enough, though his questions about the kinds of “guns” he’d learn to fire at boot camp kind of amused and annoyed Hunter at the same time. “He’ll learn soon enough it’s called a rifle, not a gun,” Hunter thought. While Brad was taking the written test, Hunter was busy making phone calls from his lists and on new Priority Prospect Cards (PPC’s). At about that time, a young man who must have weighed 300 pounds waddled in, wearing eye glasses with lenses as thick as the bottom of coke bottles. Hunter politely directed him to the Army Recruiting Station down the street. After Brad finished the written test, Hunter went into his recruiting presentation. Brad told him he didn’t much care for construction and that he didn’t really know what he wanted to do with his life. By using the benefit tags, Hunter was able to uncover several needs, which he supported. Hunter then closed on the appointment for Brad, both agreeing on a trip to MEPS. They shook hands; Hunter gave Brad some pamphlets and told him he’d pick up Brad at his house the next morning.

3:30 p.m. Just before closing the interview, PFC Larry White, the Marine home from boot camp, came in. “You got yourself a live one,” he told Hunter after Brad left. “Come on,” Hunter said. “Let’s take a walk and talk with some of your buddies at Baskin & Robbin’s Ice Cream Parlor.”

3:45 p.m. Hunter and Larry sat around Baskin & Robbin’s drinking coffee and talking up the Corps. Tom, the manager, had been a cook with the Marines in Korea. He never tired of telling listeners about how his platoon had fought its way out of the “Frozen Chosin.” Hunter and Larry got names and phone numbers of three prospects and commitments from two of them to come in for appointments.

5:00 p.m. Hunter and Larry did some pre-call planning back at the RSS. For half an hour they discussed lists and

went over their phone strategy.

5:30 p.m. They made a total of 66 phone calls (33 each). Thirty-one prospects weren't home. Fourteen were either wrong or non-working numbers. From the remaining calls, Larry closed on four appointments and Hunter closed on one. "I guess you've got a better phone technique," Hunter said, joking. But he thought to himself, "Who likes to make cold calls? I sure don't! Larry knows most of these kids and can better relate to guys his age."

7:15 p.m. Hunter called to tell his wife he'd be home late, but the line was busy. "Hang up and redial," Larry said and grinned. "You can't count that as a call though Sgt."

7:30 p.m. "Ron Jardene, the one kid I got through to, wants to see me tonight," Hunter said to Larry. "Want to come along?" Larry said he'd like to, but he already promised to take his girlfriend out to the mall. After Larry left, Hunter wrote a letter to a high school senior congratulating him on winning the 100 meter hurdles in an area track meet the previous Saturday. Then he went over his schedule and results sheet for the next day. When he finished, he got in his car for the 30-minute drive to the prospect's home.

8:30 p.m. Hunter arrived at Ron Jardene's house. Ron's parents happened to be home, so he set up his laptop computer and gave the three of them a presentation. Mrs. Jardene was very attentive and had asked a lot of questions during a movie on the careers available in the Marine Corps. She wanted to know in detail the kind of career opportunities that were available for Ron and whether or not he could get into electronics. "Ron's always been good with his hands," she said. "Especially at crossing ignition wires," Ron's father mumbled. While Ron stared at the floor and Mrs. Jardene glared at Mr. Jardene, Hunter acted as if he hadn't heard the remark, but made a mental note that Ron might have a police record. It was now 2145, and Hunter started for home.

10:00 p.m. Hunter pulled into his driveway and parked the car. The rain had stopped. He heard his wife's voice, then saw the front door open and the crack of light behind her. "Are you going to sit in the driveway all night?" she asked. "Or are you going to put the car away and come in? I'm not reheating the chili more than once." Hunter rolled down the car window. "Can you give me a couple of minutes to clear my mind and I will be right in."

11:00 p.m. Sergeant Hunter finally calls it a day and heads to bed, to join his now already-sleeping wife.

Thankful end to a hard fought day.....